

HiJack Drabble: Drunk Hiccup

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Summary: Hiccup comes home after quite a bit of drinking and stuff may or may not happen.

HiJack Drabble: Drunk Hiccup

Jack paced the living room. It was 2 in the morning and Hiccup wasn't back yet.

Yes, of course, Hiccup had the right to have other friends. And Jack was probably worrying for nothing.

But the thing is, Hiccup was never late. Not when he was coming home to Jack.

But then Jack heard the click of a key and wobbly Hiccup steps in the hall. Jack ran to him.

"Thank God!" Jack said, embracing his boyfriend; "I was so worried about you."

"I, hiJack~"

Jack broke apart from Hiccup, his hands still on the other's shoulders, holding him steady. Hiccup's eyes were glazed over and he smelled of alcohol.

"You're drunk," Jack said in dismay.

"Y..yeah."

"Here, love, take my arm." Jack led the two of them up the stairs to the bedroom. Jack laid Hiccup down on the bed, letting him drape fully across it. Jack began to take off Hiccup's shoes and asking him questions.

"How much did you drink?"

"Idomnt..know. Alot?" Hiccup slurred.

"Why did you drink so much?"

"J...JennaMarbles drinkinggame. And...then beerpong.
And...justbecause?"

After Jack had successfully undressed Hiccup's bottom half (leaving his boxers) he pulled the blanket up and set out to unbutton Hiccup's shirt.

"You're going to have a wicked hang over tomorrow," Jack said not without affection.

>Hiccup reached out, pushing Jack's flannel shirt sleeve up and running his fingers over his bare skin. An involuntary shiver ran up Jack's spine, but he restrained himself, giving Hiccup a warning look.<p>

"Hic, you're drunk." He reminded him.

"So?"

"...so you're doing things you wouldn't normally do. You won't remember this in the morning."

"Exactly."

Jack looked at Hiccup with a smirk, but still denied him.

"Please...? Youlook, really sexy."

Jack rolled his eyes. "I'll look the same when you're sober."

"Butthe n I'll be sober."

"_Goodnight,_ Hiccup." Jack said firmly. He leaned down to kiss Hiccup goodnight, which, in hindsight, was probably not the best idea. When their lips touched, Hiccup held him there, kissing him hungrily. Jack thought he tasted like whiskey, and though he probably should've, he didn't pull away. Hiccup's fingers ran through Jack's hair and over his neck, down to his shoulders, trying to get closer to him. Jack could see where this was going, though. With some effort and willpower, Jack tore himself away from his boyfriend, his lips now pink and puffy.

"Wow," Jack said, feeling something like confusion and surprise. Hiccup looked pouty as he released Jack from his grasp.

"Uh...I'm sleeping on the couch tonight," Jack informed him, not without affection in his tone.

"What? Why?" Hiccup's pouty face escalated.

"I don't really trust myself to sleep in the same bed as you."

A laugh erupted from Hiccup's throat, though what Jack said really wasn't all that funny.

"C'est la vie~" Hiccup retorted with a disoriented smile. Jack sighed, taking his pillow from the bed, and retreated down the stairs.

* * *

><p>"Good morning, sunshine," Jack sat at the table, Eggo waffles steaming on a plate in front of him. Hiccup came into the room looking groggy and unkempt. Jack could see he'd thrown one of Jack's shirts on when he awoke.<p>

"What happened last night?" he asked, his cute, Hiccup-ish demeanor returning. It was funny, how different Hiccup was when he was drunk verses when he was sober.

Jack chuckled. "You came home at around two," he said; "and you were wearing nothing but a party hat. And you kept reciting passages from various Shakespeare pieces," Jack tried to keep himself composed; "...I didn't know you knew the Hamlet speech."

Hiccup looked horrified. This only made Jack struggle more to contain his laughter.

"I...I don't."

"Oh really? Because you were really passionate when you recited it to me."

"Oh, Thor," Hiccup rubbed his forehead, coming to sit opposite Jack and dishing out his share of freezer waffles; "Was that all?" He seemed to be fearing the answer.

"Just about," Jack said, scratching his head and looking up at the ceiling, as if trying to remember something; "Except you wouldn't go to bed until I'd made you a smoothie."

"You know what? It's all coming back to me," Hiccup's face displayed an obvious epiphany.

"It is?" Jack sounded more surprised than he'd meant to. After all, none of what he'd just said actually happened.

"Yeah...I got home, you took me up to bed, and then I..." Hiccup's face went bright red. Jack only laughed.

"Ugh," Hiccup sighed. Then, after a moment, he said, "You're a pretty good boyfriend, you know that?"

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you."

"Yeah, I know."

Hiccup swatted lovingly at Jack's arm.

End
file.